

RESTORATION

VOL. VI.

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No. 4.

Here's Way To Start Your F.H. Auxiliary

By Catherine Doherty

We need auxiliaries of Friendship House (Madonna House), Combermere, Ont., as I pointed out last month. We need them badly if we are to continue serving the humble and the helpless and the poor. We have a growing need for them, even as our work grows in this great vineyard.

We have had a long tough fight to attain the position we now hold, the place from which we can send forth staff workers and volunteer workers and staff worker applicants. We must have outside help to maintain that position, and to extend it—your help.

Just To Remind You

If you will let me repeat just a few words of that article I shall go on. "We have so many services, each of which must be expanded to the utmost," I explained. "Eventually I shall compile these articles into a pamphlet, which shall be sent all over Canada—that all Catholics may participate with us in nursing the sick, clothing the ragged and the needy, sheltering the homeless, feeding the hungry, teaching the ignorant, bringing happiness to bodies and love to souls."

These are the services which must be expanded:

Nursing. We started with one nurse and no equipment. Now we have two, a well furnished First Aid Station, and a Dispensary. Thus we stand ready to help in the field of nursing wherever and whenever needed. We want a hospital bed we could rush where it would be most needed. We must have much more equipment. We would like to have pre-natal and post-natal clinics, and many other health services.

Our Clothing Center. We give out about a dozen tons of clothing yearly. We could do better. We need help in collecting and bringing good second-hand clothing this way, via trucks, mail, and express. The need is great. Nursing reveals needs that are truly hidden in many young families in our endless bush. Just now for instance, we would like to have—crockery, silverware, bedding, a crib mattress, and many other things needed by the young mother of a new born baby in an unfinished house in a small village in the depth of the bush. There are so many, many cases like this one. Layettes are another MUST!

Want To Read A Book?

Our Catholic Lending-Library-by-Mail. It is the only one of its kind in all Canada. We send books from coast to coast. Often our books land in the wildest and most remote part of Canada. People there would never see a Catholic book otherwise.

What price knowledge of God, that leads to love of Him? We have some four

thousand Catholic books. And the subscription price is only one dollar to any given individual for four books a month; and one dollar to the small forgotten little rural schools of our diocese. In these schools we send 20 books at once for that same small fee. Neither of the subscriptions pay even for the packaging and mailing of books. Yet it is a unique and vital apostolate in our days of false propaganda.

The Summer School of Catholic Action. This is held yearly for six weeks, from the first Monday of July to the middle of August. It brings people from all over Canada, the States, Europe, and even some of the Eastern lands, to find out about the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action as expounded by a select faculty of priests and laymen, and as lived in Friendship House, Combermere.

To house, feed, teach, and take care of some four hundred people that come to us through the summer, hungry to learn more about God and the things of God, takes a lot of work. But that is the joy of our vocation. It also takes a lot of CASH. Our fees are only twenty dollars a week for those who can afford to pay. They range downward to nothing... for most assuredly money cannot, and should not, be the yardstick of admission into our midst.

This Shows Our Need

Truly I could write a slender book, or a thick pamphlet on the works, and services of Madonna House, rendered to extend the Kingdom of God in the souls of men via our form of the Lay Apostolate. But even this comparatively capsuled outline, shows our URGENT... VITAL... DESPERATE NEED FOR FRIENDSHIP HOUSE (MADONNA HOUSE), COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA, AUXILIARIES.

Naturally all our staff workers, and myself, turn to our many friends. They HAVE BEEN HERE. They know what we speak of. They have "seen and touched," and their charity understands and warmly desires to help—only it is not quite sure how.

Well here is a little blueprint of "THE HOW."

First write to us, and we will send you the names of all our friends in your town, city, or village. You may not

know each other. You should. For in unity there is great strength.

Then set up the "auxiliary." That is, select a leader, or officer. Decide on meeting days. They should be at least once a month. Preferably twice, if at all possible... for you gather together not only to help Madonna House but also to study its spirit and way of life, which will lead you slowly but surely into the very heart of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic action in general to which EACH OF YOU IS CALLED ACCORDING TO HIS, OR HER, STATE IN LIFE. Thus your original contact with Friendship House will help you to broader personal horizons in the service of God.



Simple And Friendly

Thus part of your get-together is devoted to study. The meetings, incidentally, should take place in the homes of the members. They should be friendly, simple, informal.

Then you can discuss ways and means of helping Madonna House—bearing in mind the following points that are our constant needs: MONEY... COLLECTION AND DELIVERY TO US OF SECOND-HAND CLOTHING... MEDICAL SAMPLES... AND THE GETTING OF SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS LITTLE PAPER, RESTORATION, WHICH IS OUR ONE MEDIUM OF

The Jewelled Jew

Black pearls of conjoined dust and sweat, Blue bruises, and blood rubies gleam, A lapidary's mess, all set In body, bow'd beneath the beam.

—J. T. C.

God's Love Can Hit Like A Ton Of Bricks

By Lorraine Fecteau

"But how on earth do you get that way?" they ask. "You were okay before. You were a swell kid. But now you get weepy over a bunch of people you don't even know. So they have their problems. So what! After all, it's not your fault. You're crazy to think you have to do anything about it. What makes you think you CAN do anything about it? How do you get that way?"

Glad You Asked

Yeah! That's a good question! Just how does a dame get the idea she is personally responsible for all those headaches? How do you get into Catholic Action? Does something happen to you? Something big, that changes your life. Does God strike you down the way He did St. Paul? Does Catholic Action "hit" you like a ton of bricks?

Maybe it does sometimes. God has strange ways of calling people to their vocations. He does hit some people like a ton of bricks all at once. But usually the bricks fall one by one, and gently, so that the metamorphosis is gradual and almost imperceptible. And one day you wake up and discover Christ wandering the streets because somebody kicked Him out.

You find Him going to school in cold weather without a pair of mittens. You find Him beating His fists against a padded cell because of the pressures and complexities that selfish men have created. You find Him, late at night, struggling with a heavy wash after working all day to make things clean and pleasant for others. You begin to care about Him. You begin to be ashamed that so few people offer Him a helping hand, or a smile, or even the common courtesy of recognizing the fact that He IS suffering. The bricks begin to fall.

Don't Dodge This Brick

You remember the first brick. It was small. And you were small. You felt sorry for an old man on a street corner. He didn't have any legs, and his beard was dirty. You bought a flower from him for fifty cents. And you got mad because a rich man with a big stomach walked right past, with his nose scraping the clouds, and didn't even see him.

The war news crept into your mind. You heard of horrible things. Mass murders and starvation. You saw pictures of bodies, and crying children, and men without limbs or faces. You saw wrecked homes and bombed cities. The folks next door lost their only son on D-Day. You couldn't understand the situation. Why was there such a thing as war if it made people suffer so much? Who started them? Why?

You began to think about suffering. You didn't know much about it. You had never really suffered. But

you didn't like to see other people cry. Not even the small kid who was lost in the big department store.

Bang — A Brick

One brick came with a bang. Your history teacher introduced you to the horrors of a diabolical system called Communism. By now you were getting a little angry. You came to the conclusion that men who threw out God, and the goodness of God, became brutes and murderers of men's souls and bodies and caused a lot of people a lot of unnecessary suffering—including themselves, when they should meet God face to face. And you stood up in class and said so.

The girl with the short red hair took you up on it, and from then on the classroom had a "free-for-all" as only third formers discussing politics and God and suffering and society can produce.

Not long after, the same teacher asked you to stay in after three o'clock. You searched your conscience and worried about the overtime on your last assignment. But she soon put your mind at ease and threw a bright red brick at you.

Bang. Another One

Had you ever heard of Catholic Action? Well... yes! You gave the well-known definition. And what did you think that meant? Umm... This time you weren't so sure, unless it meant helping the missions and collecting money and clothes for the poor, and things like that.

Oh, yes! That is part of it. A very necessary part. But you should try to see it this way. Catholic Action isn't only something you do—it's a complete way of life. It means loving God and trying to be a saint. It means loving people and trying to help them because you love God.

Christ is King of the world. But selfish men are stealing His kingdom from Him, and trying to keep Him out of it. You've got to win part of that kingdom back for Him. That's what you were born for. That is what you were baptized and confirmed for. To become a saint and a soldier of God. Soldiers fight! And YOU must fight too. You have a responsibility—a personal responsibility. Christ died for you—so you owe Him YOUR LIFE. You have to love Him and live for Him and become a saint. (Continued on Page Four)

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

MARCH—the month of silent travail of the earth, where, like a grain of wheat, Spring lies buried, as one dead yet already with the stirrings of life within the hard kernel that encompasses it.

MARCH—the month of soft winds and of storms. The month of strange signs of contradictions, that bespeak of winter and spring . . . of life and death . . . of light and darkness.

MARCH—the month of St. Joseph, the obscure poor carpenter who wedded Mary, the Jewish maiden who was to become the MOTHER OF GOD . . . THE MOTHER OF FAIR LOVE . . . THE PUREST OF VIRGINS AND THE MOTHER OF PURITY. A sign of contradiction to many, even as the month itself.

MARCH—the month of the silent, just man who had to face the signs of contradiction in the very depth of his own soul—and facing them accept them in such a splendor of faith, trust, and confidence in God and His inscrutable, infinite ways, that—if we think about them—our breath is knocked out, literally, from our body.

MARCH—the month that chants the Requiem of Winter. March that sings the alleluias of Spring to welcome Easter.

An important month indeed. A month during which we should make our novitiate in the school of St. Joseph. For if ever a generation of men born of women needed to enter His school of sanctity ours does.

Behold our restlessness, our inability to be alone, our constant desire either to hear ourselves talk or to listen to others emit sounds that pass for speech. It truly does not matter what is said, so long as the noise of words comforts us children of fears, traumas, and shadows.

MARCH—is a good month to go to St. Joseph, our universal patron, for we are THE CHURCH—THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST—of which he is the Patron . . . we Catholics of the world. We can learn from St. Joseph the beauty—the healing, soothing spiritual beauty—of DEEP SILENCE OF SOUL, which, coupled with ever increasing moments of speech, will slowly restore our full sanity to us. It will also bring into our restless, anchorless lives, the great tranquility of God's Order, and allow the ears of our souls to get attuned to the soft speech of God. God walks on quiet feet and speaks with a gentle voice.

Then let us stay even closer to St. Joseph. For once silence has come to dwell with us, we must begin to learn utter TRUST . . . and complete CONFIDENCE in God . . . and grow with giant stride in FAITH in him.

St. Joseph is the man to teach us. He not only showed this in the tremendous emergencies of Mary's strange pregnancy . . . and on the sudden flight to Egypt . . . but through all his life he lived it day by day, hour by hour, perfectly.

Take it or leave it, how else could he be the FOSTER FATHER OF GOD . . . AND THE CONTINENT VIRGINAL HUSBAND OF THE VIRGIN MOTHER?

Silence . . . Faith . . . Trust . . . Confidence in God . . . This is the utter surrender of a human soul to its Creator. And that is why we should go to St. Joseph. FOR UNLESS WE SURRENDER TO GOD . . . WE SHALL PERISH.

There is no in-between choice between Christ and Satan, whose motto is "NON SERVIAM" . . . I will not serve . . . whose essence is the noise of sterile fecundity that begets the monstrosities of our age—materialism, communism, atheism, etc.

WHO IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME . . . said the Lord.

MARCH—St. Joseph's month, is a good month to go over, in complete surrender, to Christ's side.

St. Joseph will help us to get there, and to stay there.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Not long ago, in Ottawa, the capital city of Canada, I met a young student nurse who told me a beautiful story.

Once Upon A Time—

There was a poor man in the hospital where she worked, a very poor man indeed. He had shot up a bank, trying to rob it, had wounded a man, and had been himself wounded by the police. He had been caught as he ran away, with a weapon in his hand. He hadn't a chance to stay out of jail, if he recovered. And, for a long time, it didn't look as though he had much chance of recovering.

The girl was sorry for him. He was so bitter, so full of hate, so steeped in misery, so reeking with despair. She slipped into his room every time she could and did little things for him. The police on guard in the room got so they didn't mind her coming. In fact they rather liked it. She had always a smile for them, and sometimes hot coffee or tea.

At first the poor man didn't want to talk, didn't want to do anything but lie on his cot and glare at everybody. He was suspicious of the girl. What was she doing there? She wasn't the nurse on duty. She had no particular call to enter that room. What was she up to?

She never tried to talk to him. She talked only when he talked to her. She did things for him, brought him little surprises, asked for nothing, never was impatient, never was shocked by his strong language, never looked frightened at his scowls. And she always made the poor man feel a little better. Just her being in the room with him made him feel better.

He Had To Know

One day his curiosity got the better of him. He asked the girl what made her what she was, what made her always so thoughtful, so eager to do things for him — or those ugly Flat-Foot — in short, what made her tick. The girl smiled and shrugged her lovely shoulders, and said she guessed maybe it was just God. If you loved God you loved everybody, especially those around you who needed your love.

The poor man snarled at that. He hated God, he told the girl. (He was a very poor man indeed, you see.) He hated God, he hated the world and all its rotten ways, he hated life, he hated himself. He was sorry the copper's bullet hadn't killed him. But after a time he looked at the girl, and changed his tone of voice.

"Hell, sister," he said, "I didn't mean to hurt you. Not you. If you want to talk about God, go ahead."

The girl assured him she wasn't hurt. She did want to talk about God, she said, but maybe it would be better if she just talked to herself about him.

The poor man didn't want that either. He was a most annoying fellow. There was no way of pleasing him. Now that the girl wouldn't talk about God unless she was bullied into it, he began to bully her. And then he began to ask questions.

Getting Rich Quick

It was crazy, but he felt he was getting rich, lying there in a hospital room with a couple of burly cops to watch him, and waiting for a coffin or a cell. The girl

was making him rich.

"Why do people keep these things to themselves," he asked the girl one night, "why do they keep these things away from guys like me? You go on, sister. Talk some more."

The day came when the girl explained that a priest knew much more about her religion than she did. Would the poor man mind talking to a priest she knew? He said it would be a pleasure, sister; a real pleasure, even if he had to talk to him in the presence of these coppers. The cops said they wouldn't mind either. But, the poor man asked — would the priest want to talk to anyone as ignorant and as low and as miserable as himself?



"An so," the young girl told me, "the priest came, and he gave the poor fellow instructions, and took him into the church. And you know what he said? The prisoner, I mean, not the priest. He said, the day they took him from the hospital and brought him to the prison for trial and sentencing — he said it was the happiest day of his life. He had made his Confession that morning. He had been Baptized. And he had received Holy Communion. He was the richest guy in the world, he said, and he would live happily ever after."

Get Rich. Be A Nurse

When I came home there was a copy of the New World, the diocesan paper of the Chicago archdiocese, waiting for me in my igloo. And on the back page was an article written by an old friend, Fr. Thomas A. Meehan, the editor of the paper. It was all about Catholic nurses and the good they can do!

"When you think of your future," Fr. Meehan said, addressing himself to prospective high school and college graduates, "don't overlook nursing. If you select nursing, be sure you choose a Catholic nursing school. Help Christ of the pool at Bethesda to assuage the physical sufferings of today. Remember, by cleansing the bodies of men, you may be the instrument of cleansing their souls. We need Catholic nurses. Christ needs you for His sick."

In Ottawa I had the privilege of renewing my consecration as a "slave" of Jesus in Mary, kneeling at the same altar where Catherine and I dedicated ourselves on Feb. 2, 1951. And you know what thought came to me — thinking not of Feb. 2, but of March 25th, the feast of the Annunciation? Can you guess the thought? It was that the first "slave" of Mary was Jesus Himself!

The B's Corner

Another year . . . another lecture trip. Strange how my lecture trips are also trips into the depths of the spirit of a whole continent! The North American continent. Without a doubt, travelling as I do, and covering thousands of miles in a matter of a few weeks, I touch the minds, the hearts, the souls of many who inhabit the vast countries of Canada and the U.S.A.

A lecturer is a strange creature whom people come to hear for various reasons. A lecturer on Catholic Action is even stranger . . . and many want to tell him — just because he is a stranger that passes them like a ship in the night — the troubles of their spirits.

Troubles And Graces

And in these pitiful days the troubles are indeed many . . . but so too are the graces that fall . . . showers of strength from heaven. Travelling . . . talking . . . listening . . . then starting all over again . . . it seems I am but an echo of men's hunger for God — for God is the theme of most conversations — that fill my time between talks.

The laity is on the march. There is no doubt about it. Everywhere the stirrings of the Holy Ghost in the souls of men are visible, palpable. Everywhere men seek . . . without yet quite realizing that they do . . . nothing less than SANCTITY. It would have consoled His Holiness, I know, if he could have heard and seen what it was my privilege to hear and see on this last lecture trip. His call to the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action is being answered in the hearts of many men, women, and youths.

Yes . . . the hunger IS there; but so is a strange confusion, a sort of "lostness." No one quite knows how to go about filling that holy hunger. Few know much about the being and doing for the Lord in their respective states in life. Few realize how that being and doing must also overflow into the community . . . the nation . . . and finally the world . . . yet most sense that it should.

They Open Hearts

And so to a passing stranger who talks about God and the things of God they reveal their hungry hearts . . . their seeking souls . . . their groping minds.

What can I, the humble unworthy "stranger," do to fill that hunger? What can I do to assuage that thirst? How should I harness those released spiritual energies? I can try to help. By clarification . . . by drawing on the experience of our apostolate . . . by prayer. Yet it is not of the essence of our—my—apostolate, to do this. That role belongs to the PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST. For Catholic Action is defined as—"ALL BY THE LAITY . . . NOTHING WITHOUT A PRIEST."

And where are they, the indoctrinated priests that are so desperately needed to control this hunger of men for God . . . this rising apostolicity of soul . . . this desire of dedication to God and His works that, like a restless tide, mounts . . . mounts . . . mounts all around them?

In Rome 1951

My memory goes back to Rome . . . the year 1951 . . . to a sea of faces . . . those of the delegates to the first (Continued on Page Three)

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

Congress of Lay Apostles of Catholic Action. I can almost smell the warm sun of Italy . . . the roasting chestnuts . . . the fragrance of flowers . . . and hear the many-tongued throng of delegates repeat as in a sort of incantation — the same cry . . . **GIVE US PRIESTS INDOCTRINATED IN THE LAY APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION! WE, THE LAITY, ARE READY! BUT WITHOUT PRIESTS WE ARE RUDDERLESS . . . LOST.**

Travelling as I did this time . . . it seemed to me, that in city, in town, in hamlet, and in village . . . there were nucleae of such a laity. But alas . . . there was no priest to lead them.

Oh . . . I myself can marshal a million reasons for this tragic state of affairs. And yet, when I examine them one by one, they all fall by the way-side of my mind . . . dead . . . unusable . . . for I remember the emergency of the last war.

We produced chaplains . . . for the armed services . . . because it was of vital importance that we should. It is just as vitally important today . . . for we are waging a war now that outshines all previous wars.

We Are At War

We are facing catacombs . . . the children of light must conquer the children of darkness massed against them . . . and not only stay out of catacombs . . . but bring the whole world out of its tomb of darkness.

IF WE HAVE A TRAINED AND INDOCTRINATED CLERGY TO LEAD US . . . THE CATHOLIC LAITY . . . CHILDREN OF GOD'S BLINDING LIGHT AND GRACE . . . WE SHALL WIN.

MARY, MOTHER OF ALL PRIESTS . . . GIVE US MORE PRIESTS . . . WHO SEE, HEAR, TOUCH, AND UNDERSTAND OUR HUNGER, OUR THIRST FOR YOUR SON—OUR LORD . . . AND FOR OUR LAY PARTICIPATION IN HIS PRIESTHOOD.

OH . . . GIVE US PRIESTS TO LEAD US INTO THE VERY HEART OF LOVE THAT IS GOD . . . FOR THEN WE SHALL INDEED RESTORE THE WORLD TO HIM. HAVE PITY ON US. WE ARE SO LONELY WITHOUT THEM.

Hunter On A Vacation Bags A Lay Vocation

By Tom Burry

If we would only listen to what God has to say to us, we could become much happier. God put us on this earth for a reason. When we make a bed, we do it for a reason. When we brush our teeth, we do it for a reason. There is a reason for everything.

Being a convert, I have learned many things. I have learned that we have a vocation in this life to satisfy God's reason for putting us on this earth.

My vocation is the Lay Apostolate. I know this, the same way a Lay Brother knows his vocation.

Through my fondness for hunting I found my vocation. I have a funny imagination. I was told there was lots of hunting up there in Combermere so I thought

I would try a long week-end for a little shooting. I had expectations of lots of game. I imagined I would have to kick the little partridges out of the way so I could get my choice at the big ones.

Well, I was in for a surprise. I fired one bullet.

I couldn't find the little ones, nor could I find the big ones. But I did find my vocation.

My reason for coming here was to hunt. But God's reason was to show me my vocation. And so you can see, the biggest hunt of my life was to hunt for my vocation.

I have found it now, and so must aim straight and shoot to win. For very soon, eternity! Then, God's Will be done.

The Women On The Way To Calvary

By Rev. John T. Callahan

Many of you make the Stations. Many follow our suffering Lord in His way of the Cross, not only now during Lent, but throughout the entire year. From this devotion and the thoughts it inspires, we can come to a greater love of our crucified Lord.

A Picture Of Christ

At the Sixth Station, we find Jesus painfully toiling His weary way from the Praetorium to Calvary, ordinarily a fifteen minute walk — but today, ever too long.

He has fallen. His knees are pitted with pebbles, skinned, and covered with blood and sand. His back, livid with crimson welts, is now, by the fierce rays of the sun, dried into a woven scab with the fabric of His tunic, so soon to be ruthlessly ripped away.

Thus, under the great physical strain of the pain and suffering, under the exertion of dragging the cross in the sun, His face is suffused and soaked with sweat, mingled with the blood from His thorn wrapped brow. The salt blinds His eyes. He can hardly see the next step. He pauses. The soldiers cry out, and — there is held before His face a cool, clean towel. Veronica, disregarding soldiers, their buffets or back-hand blows, inspired of charity and compassion, assists the Saviour. Giving, she goes to Christ.

He proceeds. At a corner, stands a group of women lamenting and bewailing. Christ considers them, knowing their terrible fate, and that of their children. They will be starved, besieged, and destroyed, together with their fair city. In spite of His pain and pitiable state, He is moved to speak to these women:

A Picture Of Woe

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over me; but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For behold, the days shall come wherein they will say: Blessed are the barren and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains: Fall upon us; and to the hills: Cover us. For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?"

The women at the Sixth and Eighth Stations may be likened to the Catholics whom Christ meets today; those, like Veronica, willing, joyful helpers, moved by real charity, love of God and neighbor; and those like the

weeping women.

O yes — they mean all right. They sympathize. They believe, after a fashion. But they are like the seed that fell on dry ground. It soon withered, or, if it grew at all, the thorns, the pleasures of this world, choked it. These may receive Christ in Communion once or twice a year, on Easter perhaps, but once Christ has passed by, they soon forget His passing, His presence, or His warning.

They let modern life with its petty surprises, its paltry joys, its trifling vexations, and the complexities of non-important non entities sweep them along. They have no time, say, for the Catholic press. They must race madly after the spewing print-presses of so-called best-sellers, to try, ever unsuccessfully, to keep up on modern trash. They have no time for spiritual inventory, like an occasional retreat, when they might for a few brief days break with their aimless, goalless rushing, and as Americans say, really "think things out." They have no time to find out the principles or the practice of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Their own bodies demand too much time.

A Picture Of His Face

The good Catholics, like Veronica, go giving to Christ. Their charity is active, not passive, not empty wishes, not charity given only because its accompanying publicity makes the donor a "philanthropist," but the unfeigned charity, springing from a love of our neighbor, even done in secret.

"But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth. That thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee."

They know that if they feed or clothe or nourish any of the least brethren they do it to Christ. They practice the virtues of faith and hope, and exercise the gifts of the Holy Ghost, the names of which our tepid friends do not even know. The commandments of God are a sacred rule of life for the friends of Christ, and the commandments of His Church are norms that they sedulously obey.

Everything that will aid God's Church, help their neighbor, support their pastor, further their own spiritual increase, they do — be it Societies, such as the Holy Name, or Sodalties, or Confraternities of devotion, be it attendance at novenas or tridiums, or pilgrimages, or sacrifices, or, even sufferings and pain.

Christ is never outdone in generosity. Veronica received His most sacred portrait, painted in blood.

Nor, on the other hand, can one flaunt God forever, break His precepts, disobey His commands, spurn His counsels, and not expect His wrath or His punishment. He will not be mocked. Many will be given cause to weep for themselves and their children.

If we find ourselves at the Eighth Station in the crowd that too soon grows indifferent, we must change. We must act. We must take Christ's Sacraments, and by prayer, seek more grace for better lives. If we find ourselves close to the Sixth Station, but still imperfect, we must make ardent our complacent Catholicity, and not render vain all that precious blood which was spilled for our salvation.

Where do you stand, at the

Sixth Station, or at the Eighth? Remember, Christ has said, "He that is not with Me, is against Me." "You cannot serve God and Mammon."

Through The Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

My thoughts today are thoughts of gratitude. Dignum et justum est . . . truly it is fitting and proper to render thanks. And my heart and I, and all of us in Friendship House, have much to thank God for. I am thinking now of a woman God sent through our an God sent through our

Four Dirty Pennies

How poor is man's memory, at least mine! I remember her only by her first name. Maybe she never gave me her surname? Yet I remember her well. For every Saturday, rain or shine, cold or heat, she would enter through the Blue Door. Enter softly. Closing the door gently behind her.

Slowly, with a tired step, she would walk up to my desk, and after a few words of greeting, lay on it, in a tidy row, **FOUR DIRTY PENNIES**. She would explain, almost in a whisper, that this was all she had left of her pay to give to Christ in His poor.

Then, with a little smile, and a bow, she would ask for our prayers. And slowly, bidding everyone present a soft good-bye, she would walk out through the Blue Door, closing it very gently. She was a Negro. She was a widow. She earned her living by scrubbing a few office floors at night. Her name was Martha.

Four Holy Pennies

She brought her four pennies every week, for four years. Then one Saturday she did not come. I never saw her again. Months later someone along the avenue told me about a very poor woman who was buried in an unmarked grave in a Potter's field. I asked for the name of the woman. All they could remember was that her first name was **MARTHA**. Her surname? Maybe she never gave it to them.

Yes . . . my thoughts are thoughts of gratitude today. **DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST.**

And I think, also, of another woman. Her name was Russell, she said, when she walked through our apartment door, which was painted a dirty grey-green by a stingy landlord. (To my mind's eyes, however, that door was painted blue. What is a certainty in faith and what is not?)

"How Can I Help?"

She told me, haltingly, and a little shyly, that she wanted to help me to help the Negro. What could she do? I looked at her, and loved her with a great love, and have loved her ever since. She never knew the gifts she brought me that day. But God did. For without a doubt she was His messenger.

That murky afternoon in Harlem, alone in my dark apartment, I sat lost in the pain of Christ, the loneliness of Christ that ebbed and flowed all around me. It encompassed me so utterly that I cried out. I could not take another minute of it. I thought I must pack and leave this hell on earth where man's inhumanity to man could be seen in every

face I met along the treeless, crowded, dirty, segregated streets.

And there she was. Russell. Soft voiced. Shy. Yet, shining from the comely light-brown face, was charity itself, whose other name is love.

My thirst drank its fill from this inexhaustible cup. There was deep repose in her quiet ways, and I felt refreshed. There was peace in her slow speech, punctuated with warm friendly silence; and I was healed of my pain and my fears.

Many Ways of Helping

I led her across the way into the rectory basement where we had our first "clothing center," and to which many "naked" came to be clothed. It was depression time in Harlem. Today we have a big store-front, clothing center. The door is blue. Miss Russell is still there.

Fifteen years ago she quietly walked into my heart . . . into our hearts . . . and she still is there. Years are but a road to her. She walks softly. Few hear her. Fewer hear of her. But God knows her. Through her being there. I am blessed . . . and all of us in all the Friendship Houses . . . are blessed.

YES . . . MY THOUGHTS ARE THOUGHTS OF GRATITUDE TODAY . . . DIGNUM AND JUSTUM EST. I remember another woman I must include in my prayers of thanks.

She Could Read Color

She was a little thing with a plain face and red awkward hands too big for her size. She washed dishes in some third rate restaurant for many hours of the night. Her accent was thick, her English bad. She walked in, the first time, because she had lost her job and was hungry. The lovely blue of our door attracted her tired eyes. She could not read English well, she confessed. But she could read the welcome color.

She stayed with us a week or two. Self-effacing to the point of anonymity, she went about cleaning whatever needed cleaning, scrubbing whatever needed scrubbing, without ever being asked or told about it. Then she found a job and moved away.

But she spent her day-off with us. It was a Monday. Often we knew it was Monday just by her walking in, in her light cheap clothes. They never seemed warm enough in the winter, nor cool enough in the summer. Always she would, at once, get busy helping at the most humble chores. Always she was silent, except for a word or two, or a flitting smile. Always she left at closing time. We never knew her address.

Her name was Katzia. Polish for Catherine, we thought.

One day she met, at Friendship House, another girl, a thin tired child of 19 or 20 . . . who had been a prostitute . . . whose looks had utterly deteriorated under the impact of "tiredness," and who had just drifted into Friendship House. So many other people drifted in at the time. They had no place else to go. We were sleeping women on the floor . . . and there was no floor space.

Katzia took the girl by the hand, and off they went into the fog of a November afternoon. We heard they were living together in Katzia's room wherever that

(Continued on Page Four)

THE BLUE DOOR

(Continued from Page Three)

was.

Katzia missed a couple of weeks, did not come to us on her day off. We tried to locate her, but could not. A few months later, we got a letter from a sanatorium director.

It was a dictated letter. It was signed by Katzia. She wrote that she was there as a patient, with the girl she had tried to help.

We went to see our F.H. auxiliary-in-one-person. We were just in time. She had contracted TB from the other girl . . . sleeping together. Both were very ill. A year later Katzia died. The thin girl got well.

She has been working, without pay, in the convent of some poor nuns, ever since. Greater love hath no man.

Yes my thoughts are thoughts of gratitude . . . today . . . DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST.

GOD'S LOVE CAN HIT

(Continued from Page One)

You have to restore some little part of the world to Him.

A Stunning Brick

This all sounds wonderful. You don't understand too much of what she has said. It's a big brick she heaved. But somehow, you expected it. In fact, you were looking and wishing for something like this, without even knowing it existed. And you sensed that the full impact of that brick hadn't reached you yet.

You had a lot of questions. You didn't understand this idea of fighting—of winning part of the world for Him. After all, you were just a kid. Sure you could see that many things were wrong with the world set-up. But who would pay any attention to you, a boy-crazy teenager? What could YOU do? Then she told you of a movement called the Young Christian Students.

There was so much to think about. So much to think about. So much to learn. The ideas seemed a little vague and a little crazy. But you were crazy too, so you gave it a try.

You didn't know it then, but it was really God Who was giving YOU a try.

HERE'S WAY TO START

TRUE CONTACT WITH AN EVER-GROWING NUMBER OF PEOPLE . . . A CONTACT WE NEED FOR THE VERY SOUL OF OUR APOSTOLATE.

These are our main needs. From time to time there will be emergency ones. You will be notified of them. As for instance last week we found a young woman who had just given birth, living in a house open to all the elements. She was without anything like a layette or decent bedding. She was in

need of china, kitchen utensils, and the thousand other things that are essential for the daily life of a family.

It would not be too hard, I wager, for one member of our future auxiliaries to get on the phone, and quickly gather donations for just this particular case.

We Always Need Help

But as a general rule a constant ingenuity must be put to play to help with the above mentioned, and other, ever-present, needs. Clothing collection should be organized systematically. Friends with cellar or garage space are contacted. Friends with cars—ditto. Then the needs are made known. A telephone number is given, to which people with clothing to donate could call. The pick-up and storage would follow. Then arrangements can be made to deliver same to us. Often trucks pass our highways . . . often friends have trucks and could deliver loads here.

But such details are best left to each auxiliary to work out. The same applies to ways and means of raising money, either in general, or for specific ends.

If you need help, in the way of little talks, lectures, or monthly letters, from Madonna House, we will most gladly write the latter, and supply the former.

In an humble way, Madonna House is trying to BE ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN, TO BRING ALL MEN BACK TO CHRIST.

BY DOING SO, IT IS HELPING TO MAKE CANADA A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN. IT IS FIGHTING COMMUNISM WHERE IT SHOULD BE FOUGHT . . . IN THE HEARTS OF MEN.

WE NEED HELP TO DO IT . . . AUXILIARIES ARE THE ANSWER . . . WON'T YOU, OUR BELOVED FRIENDS, START ONE, AND HELP MADONNA HOUSE, WHICH SO UTTERLY BELONGS TO MARY, QUEEN MEDIA-TRIX OF ALL GRACES?

Honors For St. Joseph

By Jos. P. Noonan

Holy Mother Church sets aside the month of March, during which she pays special honor to St. Joseph. She has further honored him by declaring him Patron of the Universal Church, Patron of Labor, and Patron of a Happy Death. Canada has honored him by choosing him as Patron Saint of Canada. His feast is celebrated annually on March 19th.

The Holy Family

During this month, Catholics should meditate on the glories of this great saint, spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, and foster father of Our Lord. "Constituit eum Deus Dominum Domus Suae!" He has made him Lord over His House.

God chose this unknown carpenter of Nazareth to be the husband of Mary, Mother of God, and protector of her Son.

What a lesson in humility, prudence, and justice can we not draw from the Gospel picture of St. Joseph! His was a hidden life, a humble life, a life of silence, dedicated to the service of Jesus and Mary. He was the guardian of the Holy Family, the bread-winner, to whom Jesus and Mary looked for their human needs. One can picture the hidden life of the Holy Family at Nazareth . . . the Boy Jesus helping St. Joseph in his work-shop and running errands for the neighbors.

Mary, busy about the household chores, and pausing to listen as St. Joseph related the day's events. Then, at the close of the day, the evening prayer, led by St. Joseph, the readings from the Psalms and Prophecies, the rites of the Jewish religion.

What a picture of holy bliss and what a model for happy Christian families!

Not A Rich Man

During the hidden life of Christ, St. Joseph was His guide. What a privilege was his! The foster father of the Son of God could have been an earthly monarch, a rich potentate. Christ, if He had so wished, could have been born amid pomp and splendour, surrounded by hosts of courtiers, in power and glory. Instead, He chose to be born, the son of an unknown Jewish Virgin, whose husband was a poor carpenter.

He, the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Son of God, chose to be the reputed son of a man who worked with his horny hands, who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow!

During the month of March, let us pray to St. Joseph for humility and for submission to the Will of God. Let us try, God assisting us, to imitate the virtues of this great Saint, chosen by Holy Mother Church as her universal patron.

Even now, in his glory, St. Joseph works quietly. To those who invoke him prayerfully and with confidence, he never turns a deaf ear. Let us go to him with faith and confidence, praying that he watch over Christ's Church upon earth, and especially over the Vicar of Christ, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII.

May he obtain for us the grace to be truly humble and poor in spirit. Let us always honor St. Joseph, not during March alone, but at all times. "Sancte Joseph, Almae Familiae praeses, ora pro nobis!" St. Joseph, Head of the Holy Family, pray for us!



His Ways And Mine

By Grace Flewelling

(A page from a notebook found long after her death.)

We must love God with our whole soul, mind, and heart, and with all our strength; and we must do so every moment. We must not ask timid questions. We must never look back. God is not pleased with half-hearted acceptance of His providence. Embrace every moment with vital energy—such vital energy that we reserve nothing for the past or future, there is no room for fear or care, the present moment is what counts.

We are troubled about too many things and yet with all our cares we cannot accomplish the least thing. With all our acumen we cannot fore-ordain as much as a day or hour. How often we are troubled about possible events. We miss the actual moment because of our anxiety and in the end everything turns out different from what we thought.

Our worries were in vain. We worry about probable future suffering and sometimes even break down under the strain because we do not yet possess the grace to bear those crosses. We are given the grace only for present crosses. We possess the necessary grace for the present moment. The best care for the future is not to care. God will take care of it. God's mercy has hidden it from us.

In fulfilling the whole duty of the present moment I receive all the graces which I need for the next. If it brings great pain or sacrifice, it also offers much grace. Nobody is tried beyond his strength. We can render no greater homage to God than by placing, with closed eyes, our future in His hands.

Yes Father, I trust thee more than myself. These words are the signature I affix to my life.

Why worry?

Charity Is Heavy

"You will soon learn," says St. Vincent de Paul, "that charity is a heavy burden to carry, heavier than the kettle of soup and the basket of bread. But you must keep your gentleness and your smile. It is not enough to give bread and soup. The rich can do that. You are the little servant of the poor, the servant of Charity, always smiling and in good humor. They are your masters, terribly sensitive and exacting, as you will see. But the uglier and dirtier they are, the more unjust and bitter, the more you must give them of your love. It is only because of your love that the poor will forgive you for the bread and soup you give them."

Prayer of The Christian Farmer

O God, Source and Giver of all things, Who dost manifest Thine infinite majesty, power and goodness in the earth about us, we give Thee honor and glory.

For the sun and the rain, for the manifold fruits of our fields, for the increase of our herds and flocks, we thank Thee. For the enrichment of our souls with divine grace, we are grateful.

Supreme Lord of the harvest, graciously accept us and the fruits of our toil, in union with Christ, Thy Son, as atonement for our sins, for the growth of Thy Church, for peace and charity in our homes, for salvation to all. Amen.

SAINT JOSEPH



The Scourging

By Caryll Houselander

Lord, mocked, and scourged at the pillar, when Pilate made his pitiful effort to compromise, by scourging Innocence; Christ, so gentle to the weakness and folly of men, make us patient with the lash and whip of circumstance, with the bruising of life, the thong for our own shoulders, made by our own weakness, malice and stupidity; help us to accept it as our just due, not complaining, but with the dignity and humility of Your imperious will.

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